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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. X.—No. 474.]

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.

[ONE PENNY.



AN INTERESTING DEBATE.

"Having formed a sort of investigating committee to inquire into the merits or otherwise of Mr. Gladstone's latest Home Rule Bill, Poor Pa ordained that a meeting of the members of the same should take place on Monday evening last in the basement of 'The Sloperies.' Unfortunately, the gathering was not quite successful. Mr. Patrick Flannigan O'Flaherty, happening to praise up Irish whisky to the detriment of Scotch, Mr. McNab took up the cudgels for Scotland. Poor Pa then weighed in with an oration in favour of 'Unsweetened,' and a free fight ensued, during which the combatants were severely mauled."—TOOTSIE.

S H O C K I N G .



2000



Slurker !



Shocked !!!

AGED NINETY-FOUR.

THE case of the unfortunate Mr. James Inglett excited considerable interest in Huntingdon, where on March 19th, 1841, he was tried for feloniously killing and slaying one Elizabeth Harlett, by administering to her a quantity of arsenic.

The person who stood charged with this offence had for many years carried on the business of farmer and "cow-leech," and in the latter character had administered medicines to cattle. His great age, ninety-four, and his long experience of the healing art, caused him to be regarded with much respect among the simple folks of his neighbourhood, where his character had been unexceptionably good.

The deceased had been attended by the parish doctor for some length of time, but had received no benefit from his treatment, and Mr. Inglett was then called in and administered a dose of medicine, which made her very sick and caused her considerable pain, but she grew better after taking it.

She gradually improved, and on the day on which the fatal dose was administered, seemed to be almost well again. Her sister going into the room where the deceased was sitting after the doctor had left, saw a cup containing medicine, similar to that mentioned, standing on the mantelpiece. When three or four hours later she again entered the room, she found her very ill and the cup empty. Towards night the illness increased, and from that time till her death, two

days later, she was constantly sick and suffering great agony. On the day of her death, having taken some opium pills, she fell into a quiet doze, and awoke no more.

No suspicion was then entertained by her relatives of her having died otherwise than a natural death, and she was in due course buried.

When, however, she had lain in her grave a week or so, rumours spread abroad with regard to the cause of her death, and the coroner ordered the body to be exhumed, and an inquest to be held on it. Two surgeons, having held a post-mortem examination, stated that they found it in a healthy condition, the organs being sound and free of disease, but the stomach and bowels were much inflamed; and the jury returned a verdict that she had died from the incautious and improper administering by the prisoner of a "certain noxious, inflammatory, dangerous thing to the jurors unknown," and the old man was committed to prison for manslaughter.

The "thing," as has been already stated, proved to be arsenic. The production of arsenic itself by an infallible test left no doubt that this dreadful poison had been taken. A chemist's shopman proved the purchase of an ounce of arsenic by the prisoner, who, however, had frequently bought it, as he was in the habit of using it in an ointment for cattle.

The sister of the deceased told Mr. Inglett that "it was his stuff that killed her"; to which he replied, "That could not be, for he had only given her half a grain, whereas he had given his son and others a grain and more without any harm." The sister, on this, said, "Then it must have been too strong for her stomach;" to which he replied, "Like enough, poor thing, for her stomach was almost gone." On the day of her funeral he had said "he would not for twenty pounds have given her anything if he had known it; for he'd rather have done her good than harm." The family of the deceased spoke very favourably of his kindness and attention to her in her illness.

The judge said the question was whether, in reference to the nature of the remedy he applied, he acted with a due degree of care and caution, or whether he acted with rashness and gross carelessness, in which latter case he was in point of law guilty of the crime of manslaughter. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

The judge, in passing sentence, said that at the time of life at which the prisoner had arrived, it would be useless cruelty to inflict upon him a severe punishment; and as he had been already in gaol during six weeks, the Court would sentence him to a further imprisonment of fourteen days only.

It is said that the old man, who seemed to possess his mental and physical powers almost unimpaired, paid great attention to the case as it proceeded. His respectful demeanour, silvery hair and gentle looks, secured for him considerable compassion in Court, which was strongly increased by the sorrow depicted in his countenance for the deed of which he had been so unwittingly guilty, and his reputation for kind-heartedness and amiability.

BIZZI BATTERSE.

with a peersin skreek the distort an desprit madun clutcht the insanguind blaid off the dedli weppin an reuched itt from the murderers and then—
wunst more warnt off spais compell the postponement off this feersom struggel for lif or def.
(Next week, "Mad Drunk.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Sorry, CHIP, your little sketches Are not any use to us. Yes, we sum the cutting, ARBOUR, SLOPER doesn't care a cuss. ALLY cannot tell you, CARMEN, The piano's not his forte. Thursday morning, COUNTRY READER. Yes, most certainly they ought. ALLY's very sorry, JILTED; You're his sympathy believe. Much regret we cannot, TOURIST. Any time you care to, REEVE. Mrs. S. declines. A SHOWMAN, She's omitted, too, her thanks. Since the many panics, OOFY, SLOPER's frightened of the banks. Absolutely off it, CHUMMIE, Go your wicked way alone. Thanks for letter and suggestion; It has our attention, JOAN. Really, all at once, SUBSCRIBER, How you chuck your brass about. You can make arrangements, CHAFFY, We have very little doubt.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

At the Restaurant in the Strand.

First Masticator. What sort of a spring chicken have they given you, old man?

Second Masticator (with a growl). I should say a steel spring chicken, by the chew of it.

Rosebud. Is Mr. Hummerbug a man of means?

Miss Fulblone. No, my dear; he's always the same to every fresh girl that comes out, but he never means anything.

The sermon of our clergyman she could not understand,

Though she'd given it her very best attention,
And remarked, as home she wandered, that, although it might be grand,

It altogether pastor comprehension.

THE best of women can never be got to own to any taste in her friend's bonnet, nor yet find any particular satisfaction in pointing out to her husband how slim the ankles are of the gal on the Hampstead roundabout.

Shooks. I'm living on a temperance estate now. They won't allow even an off license on it. There isn't a pub. for over a mile.
Shooks. Ah! I tried one once, but I found one great drawback to it. You can never find a policeman about the neighbourhood.



FASHION FANCIES—By Miss Sloper.
No. 474.—The "Yeomanry" Costume.



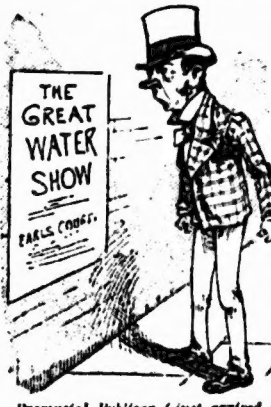
"Bolo listened. All was silent. One might have heard a pin drop."—Fragment of a Romance by A. SLOPER, Esq.



ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES.
The Frogazella



She. What do you generally take for a h a l a c h e ?
He. A champagne supper—haw



Provincial Publican (just arrived in London). Well, I'm blest! 'ere's another o' them tee-total dodges, I suppose. More hopperation! When are they goin' to leave the poor publican alone? [Left Local Optioning.]



"My old Dutch is all right as a wife, but I'm hanged if it is as a steese."

Sniggle. That fellow Boram is a nuisance, he's always dropping in on me when he isn't wanted; I don't know how to get rid of him.

Sniggle. Why don't you ask him to lend you a bit every time he turns up?

Sniggle. Wouldn't do, old man, he hasn't got it, he's more likely to want to borrow.

Sniggle. Then let him; he'll never trouble you again, and it'll be a cheap get out at a quid.

"THERE'S a great advantage in knowing a good many foreign languages," says ALLY. "Without the lingo, you can't get along on the Continent." "Yes," said Mac, sadly, "supposing you wanted to get a bit on that old waistcoat of yours, how could you make 'em understand—four holes on right side, three buttons, ain't too much worn by former tickets pinned on to the lining? Yes, you would find it rather a bally job, that you would."

WE met a man the other day
Who thought, the silly ass,
That he could cultivate a voice
By always drinking Bass.

First Guest. I say, old fellow, did you notice how dreadfully Miss Italiano cracked over that top note in her last song?

Second Guest. Yes, rather, I should think I did, regular pirate I call her.

First Guest. Pirate! What do you mean?

Second Guest. Well, don't you see, she's guilty of murder on the high C, isn't she?

Q. Name some of the most impecunious examples of horticulture?

A. The plum, the cherry, the apricot, the greengage, the peach and the damson.

Q. And wherefore?

A. 'Cos they're always stony. Don't you see, stupid?

Energetic Draper's Assistant. Now here, madam, is an article I can specially recommend; something, I fancy, will just suit you. Very fast colours indeed.

Aunt Primgal (from the country). Fast colours! Young man, how dare you! What do you take me for?

"Do you know that Lucinda Jane's husband has just been broke?" "Oh, that dreadful betting!" "No, it ain't Spring Meetings; it's only the copper-stick laid on the back hair by that faithful Dutch, 'cos she caught him hugging the lady-help laundress in the scullery."

Mary Anne. If you please, m'm, there's a 'awker at the door with red hair.

Master. Oh, tell him we don't want to buy any red hair. Say the mistress uses peroxide of hydrogen.

Man on Pavement (to Man on Water-cart). Wot's up, Bill?

Man on Water-cart. There's something wrong with the works, and it won't shut off; and I've been down here once before; and 'ere comes the Cheerman of the Board, and he'll give me the sack for a-wastin' of the water.

"I SAY, Stiddicombe's on the press, isn't he?" "Yes." "What does he do?" "Nothing. He does the free lunches for his paper."

Smith. There's a good deal of dry humour about Joskins, don't you think?

Brown. There is, old man, there is. He's had it in stock long enough to make it so, goodness knows.

HER face was her fortune, she told him

In accents coquettish and sweet;

But he rudely replied

That he'd always relied

That she'd got one as large as her feet.

Snipper. How is it that we sometimes hear of beer being brewed at the birth of a son but never at that of a daughter?

Snapper. Why, you see, if she didn't get married the date of the brew might crop up some time or other when it wasn't wanted, and make things awkward if the girl had lost count of a year or two.

Overheard at Waterloo, S. W. Railway Station.

First Passenger. Young Jones is doing better, isn't he?

Second Passenger. I haven't heard of it.

First Passenger. Oh! I notice he always rides second-class.

Second Passenger. Ah! that's only at night, when they don't collect the tickets.

Fire Brigade Man (to engineer in charge). Didn't you promise to take Lord Knowwho to a fire, sir?

Engineer. Yes. What of it?

Fireman. Well, you won't be able to now, sir, he's gone.

Engineer. Oh, well, I daresay the pleasure is only postponed.

Fireman. That may be, sir, 'cos he's dead.

"EXTREMES meet," as the sweep said when he kissed the baker's wife. "Yet they do not part without leaving a sign behind them," as the man of leaves remarked when he caught 'em at it, and treated the too amorous Johnny to the order of the boot.

Mrs. Clumberbump. What an awful mean lot them Eytalians must be!

Mr. C. How's that?

Mrs. C. Why, just fancy, the King and Queen on'y havin' a silver wedding! Why, if I was a king, leastways a queen, I'd have a golden one at the very least, if I couldn't afford a diamond one.

Reviewer. Look here, Mr. Editor, I would rather not have any more of that fellow Penman's books to review, if you don't mind.

Editor. Indeed! Why is that?

Reviewer. Why, they have no preface, and you are obliged to read the things right through to find out what they're about.

Scientific Gentleman (looking over prison). H'm, yes, everything looks very nice and clean. Is it true that Rubeold broke out here last year?

Warder. No, that it ain't, sir. Never a prisoner has broken out since I've been here, and that's going on six year now.

THE angler set out to fish
A splendid place for dice,
But couldn't see a soul about,
So never found the place.

Greeny. I say, old man, how much does it cost to get married?

Oldun. Well, that depends whether you only reckon the present outlay, or if you consider the contingent expenditure—about £2 17s. 6d. in the one case, but in the other thousands wouldn't cover it. It may cost you your happiness here and hereafter and— Well, I'm blowed if he hasn't gone in to sign the matrimonial pledge!

"I THINK it's a very wrong thing," said our pet pious County Councillor, "to have them footlights so powerful when the dances begin. I feel ready to burrow under the orchestra. It's a shame that the poor creatures should be compelled to earn their livelihood like that, by dancing in such a ballet." "Bless your soul, they don't mind it!" answered the enterprising manager; "if you were to dress 'em up as Prince Prettytops they'd like to be able to sit on the edge of the moon to show off how their buckles glittered."

TOOTSIE AT THE PAV.

ACCORDING to such good authorities as Mr. Hugh J. Diccott and Miss Jenny Hill, it is now the universal custom in the music-hall



Victor Andre loading a cannon.

places where they cannot afford more than one or two "stars," or half-stars, perhaps, they should be called.

At the Pav. they do things on a large scale—on the solar system, as it were. The company comprises about thirty stars (and none of them falling ones) besides planets and comets, not to mention "heavenly bodies," by which I refer, of course, to the ladies, while Ted Swanborough is Jupiter, "the most powerful of the gods."

Let us begin with the ladies. Miss Bessie Bellwood is, perhaps, first favourite with the Pavilion audiences, and I heard her the other night at her best when describing that little difficulty with the landlord. Miss Billie Barlow's latest novelty, "Mashing the Band," catches on hard, and evidently fills the band's little hearts with ecstatic joy. Miss Billie is, seemingly, a bit gone on all the band, and can't quite make up her mind which is the mashiest, as they are all such dears; but the leader at length is chosen as the object of her deepest adoration (happy leader!) until she brings her song to a close and goes off to do a turn elsewhere (wretched leader here, but happy other leader at another place).

Miss Ada Reeve's "Too Young to Know" seems like a kind of preface to Miss Eunice Vance's "Mamma's Going to Teach Me By-and-bye." There is much idyllic innocence on the music-hall stage, which it is the pride of the audience to culture the growth of.

Miss Harriet Vernon, Miss Lizzie Collins and Miss Alice Maydue are all successful in their performances. The Sisters Tilley are great in their singing, dancing and cartwheel fakements, which go down immensely with the gods.

Miss Nellie Navette, in a strangely-mixed but becoming dress, wins the hearts of the military and nautical visitors by her singing, marching and hornpipe. The little Sisters Webster dance very well, and seem to be great favourites.

The would-be imitators of the inimitable Albert Chevalier are numerous, but miles and miles behind him. His songs about "Rose" and his "Dear Old Dutch" are both masterpieces. George Beauchamp, in his funny parody of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," creates much laughter.

Of course, Herbert Campbell's "Little Lot" is still a big go, as is also the "Moucher."

Brown, Newland and Leclercq were very funny the night I was there in a sketch called "Thompson's Dead." Everybody but those of the name of Thompson seemed to enjoy it. Perhaps a less-common name would have been better under the circumstances.

The Brothers Griffiths still work their hat-throwing trick, and do some clever business on the horizontal bar. Middle Alma does some good balancing, and Victor Andre's latest illusion is a puzzler to those who are not in the know.

Harry Freeman gets a laugh with "That is Enough for Me," and Fred Mason's song of "Rather Early" is effective. Eugene Stratton is a great favourite here, as is also Harry Randall, who has a capital new song.

In these days, when Japan is so much written and talked about, the Japanese jugglers must not be passed over. Their tricks have much novelty in them, and are executed with great cleverness.

Altogether, the Pavilion is a wonderful place in which to pass a merry hour or two, and appeals to all tastes.

Music-hall fare is certainly growing to be more and more to the taste of the theatre-goers, and I am not sorry myself to see the overdone comic opera giving way to the most modern style of burlesque, as at the Gaiety, unless, of course, you can come across anything so delightfully comic as *Nitouche*, which

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyatt are so successfully running at the Trafalgar Square Theatre—a screamingly funny vaudeville, with just enough, but not too much music, and excellently well played. But I must not mix up the legitimate with the illegitimate stage. So more of *Nitouche* anon.

profession that, when an exclusive engagement exists, it is for two songs, and those two songs constituted a turn, unless, by the desire of the audience, the artist sings a third song; but in no case would an artist who is exclusively engaged be asked to appear on the stage on two separate occasions in one evening.

Here may be seen, the Dook Snook says, one of the many and mighty changes for the better in music-halls. Double and triple turns were once the fashion, and may be still in the provinces at the present time.

THE POSTMAN.

THOUGH the postman in modern times

Is accosted and set upon never

By men who do Turpin-like crimes,

He's accustomed to stand and deliver.

Latin students declare (*una vox*)

We can only get *Nos* in the night-time;

But the postman for giving us *nos*

Still considers the daytime the right time.

Though the pill-manufacturing folk

He may fancy not cures, but killers,

We have found he will hastily walk

Many times in a day to the pillars.

He of newspapers oft takes a lot

On his journey, so nimble a dapper;

But, however many wrappers he's got,

He himself is still more of a *rappier*.

No toiler is he for the Press

In the Street of Northumberland's regions,

Yet we find that he, nevertheless,

To the great *P. M. G.* owes allegiance.

He's no tall Broddingnagian mortal,

Yet it gives one a horror-struck feeling

To observe, when he stands at one's portul,

That the postman is touching the *scaling*!

UP THE RIVER.

YES, the boating season's in full swing now, and many a bright young fellow, who knows as much about handling a craft as a cow knows about the differential calculus, hops off to Waterloo on a Saturday afternoon, and books to one of the many up-Thames resorts, and takes it out in boating. Old boating it is too, and weird to a degree: he's literally all over the stream, and now and then over a weir as well. If you don't believe us, just cast an eye over this bill (we can't help it, the *Westminster* started this game of publishing people's bills), presented to young Algernon Bothamley Doddington Griffiths, a few days after Bank Holiday:—

Wednesday, April the 8th, 1893.			
	£	s.	d.
Hire of boat, two hours and a half	0	6	3
And a-lost out the bow gratin and gut lost	0	10	6
I found it again, no thanks to you	0	10	6
And a rollock broke off and sunk	0	5	0
And a bursting of the oars so they can't never be used again	0	18	6
And my time in messing about to get her down from Molesey Lock, where you had left her	0	5	0
And the cursed bother of the whole thing	1	0	0
Total	£3	15	9

And I shan't break my heart if I never hire no more boats to fools as don't understand how to handle them.

Paid, with thanks, and lucky for you, or else me and Harry Belcher would have come up Totnam Court Road, and knocked lumps off you.
(Signed) EPHRAIM TIGG.

A READER'S ERROR.

"MY dear old chappie," said Charlie de Mogeys to his bosom chum, as he slapped him on the back and proposed a second drink, "it's better to be born lucky than rich; now, here's an old fool of an uncle of mine—goodness only knows what's biting him—has sent me up a tenner and told me to buy him some specimens of Japanese poetry. What the ballyhooley he wants with Japanese poetry is his affair, but it seems to me that it's chucking away a tenner on a lot of bally rot—eh?"

"It is, dear old chap, it is. Does the old bouncer know anything about Japanese?"

"Not a rap."

"Well, then, we can arrange it. Now you take your tip from me. Old Chincapittle, who used to keep that 'bureau of languages,' can fake us up something in some beastly lingo or other he sweats at. He'll do it for a dollar, and we can divide the rest of the swag!"

"Right you are, old chap. Only get him to make it as Japanese as you can, because, if the old son-of-a-gun twigg'd the swindle, don't ye know, I should suffer."

Two days later a long, blue envelope, containing a yard and a quarter of unintelligible gibberish was posted—in a registered wrapper, too—to dear old Uncle Muggins, and a couple of giddy young men started to "do" themselves as well as possible on the tenner.

Something akin to consternation, however, seized upon the soul of young Charles when, two days later, the manuscript came back, accompanied by the curt note:

"You leather-headed idiot. *Pottery* I said, and *Pottery* I meant. Unless my cheque is returned to me by noon to-morrow, clearly understand that you have no 'expectations' from your loving uncle."

"THE HEARTS AT HOME."

Do they think of me I wonder,
When my boat is far away,
When the waves are rippling lightly
On the strand with silver spray;
Do they think of me far distant
Dreaming of them as I roam—
Dreaming of the days love brighten'd,
Of the dear, dear hearts at home!

Do they think of me, I wonder,
When the storm-winds sweep the shore,
And the sombre clouds of evening
Tell that golden noon is o'er?
When the sullen waves are leaping
And the cliff is white with foam,
Are these prayers that rise to heaven
From the loving hearts at home!

Will they watch for me, I wonder,
Some day when the voyage is done,
When the ship sails into harbour
With the setting of the sun?
Will there be one voice of sweetness
I have loved where'er I roam?
Will one heart be dear and dearest
Mid those tender hearts at home?

PERSONAL.

Editor. I'm very sorry, Mr.—er—er—Versifier, but I cannot publish your poem.

Poet. May I inquire why, sir?

Editor. Well, I don't like it, that's all.

Poet. Ah, yes! But don't you think you ought to give your readers credit for a little good taste? [*Bumpety, bumpety, bump!*]

LEONORA'S LAMENT.

Leonora (*travelling two chords upon the banjo alternately, sings*). Close to his heart he held me, and my soul to its depth was stirred, but the pain of parting quelled me; I could not utter a word. I had chosen that nice quiet Wednesday, when the world (and his wife to boot) had decamped from the busy City to the blooming Instoot. Yes, I only met him that morning; oh, Time, how cruel thy hand! that now a chasm seems yawning, where my loved one used to stand. Oh! the dread and fear of losing—what a part of our being seems: all thought of comfort refusing, and saddening even our dreams. But now came the wrench of parting—would the future ease the smart? The very life-blood seemed starting, that nourished my throbbing heart. Yet, it was not Love that thrilled me, though his touch was kind, in truth, but a bally great anguish filled me as the dentist yanked out that tooth!

THE FAIRY TALE.

"It ain't true; it couldn't be true;" and the little crippled Kitty closed the picture-book impatiently.

"What couldn't be true?" A kindly hand is laid on the little

shoulder, the pinched though somewhat pretty face looks up into that of the young doctor, whose morning round embraces the slum wherein she lives. "What couldn't be true?" he repeats, and Kitty explains.

"Why, this here story about a fairy prince, who brought all sorts of gifts by magic to a beggar maid, dressed her in cloth of gold and silver instead of rags, and gave her diamonds and pearls."

"And she?"

"She took all he had to give her till he had no more magic gifts in store, and then—"

"And then?"

There was a lump in Kitty's throat for a moment. At last she replied, indignantly: "Then she got a great ogre to crush the poor fairy prince to death; but it ain't true; it couldn't be true," she reiterated, almost passionately.

"That was very unkind of her," says Doctor Austen. "But, Kitty, how's the ankle going on? Does the baly salt do it good?"

"I don't know, sir. I bathes it morning and night, and I wears the splints and things, an' I takes the physic as you sends. You're werry good, sir, but it strikes me as there ain't no chance o' my ever usin' this 'ere ankle, not unless," she adds, with a rather bitter little laugh, "somebody works some magic like they does in the fairy books."

And, indeed, many months wear on, and the doctor's treatment has little or no effect on Kitty's ankle. But the stubborn case is in the hands of a stubborn doctor, and just when everybody, except Austen Austen, had begun to despair of it, an improvement set in; by degrees Kitty was able to substitute two sticks for a crutch, then to get along with one stick, at last, without even that.

And as she grew stronger she grew prettier. Austen had had her removed from the squalid slum she lived in and placed in the care of decent people. Had her well fed, well taught, well clad, giving out that all this was done at the cost of some mythical philanthropist. The locks that were wont of old to hang in matted tangles, when carefully tended shone with an old gold tinge; the hollows began to disappear from the cheeks, roses and dimples to take their place.

The eyes remained the same—liquid, dusky lustrous. How swiftly the years that brought Kitty from ten to eighteen fled. Perhaps because they were so pleasant. Anyway, they were the happiest in Austen Austen's life.

And then folks began to notice how pretty Kitty was. A keen manager gave her an engagement on the stage, and handed her to her carriage nightly; a rising artist painted her portrait for the Academy; a rising poet wrote some drivel about it; and the world gushed over the drivel and the portrait and the face.

Kitty began to find Dr. Austen in the way. With the golden youth of the generation throwing themselves beneath the car of her triumph, a slow-going doctor of forty years, just a bit given to lecturing, was rather in the way.

And at last she intimated as much to him. She acknowledged that he had been very kind—she never knew how kind; he was not the man to let what good he did be known—but she thought if his attentions were a trifle—well—less marked, it would afford less opportunity for remark, and perhaps avoid confusion.

It was the last suggestion that settled it. He turned a bit pale, but said nothing. Only, for the first time in his life, he went home dead drunk. But not for the last time. It was only the beginning of the end.

And when one night, while Sir George Braune was handing Kitty to her carriage, and a seedy, drunken wreck hiccupped, "Kitty, it wash all fairy tale," who could blame Sir George for sending him spinning against the stone portico?

He picked himself up, doubly dazed now, and dived down an alley leading to the next street. And when her carriage swept round the corner, her horses threw and trampled and crushed to death the man whom she had told that the fairy tale could not be true.



Two sticks for a crutch.



Handed her to her carriage.



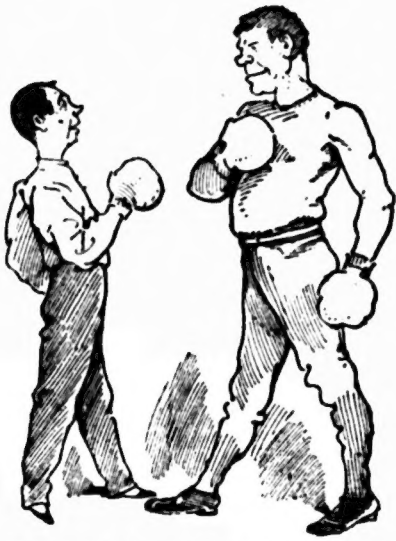
Crushed to death.



Brown and Leclercq.



Middle Alma.



"Now mind, Professor, if I should hit too hard, be sure to say so."



He. I am going to see Chicago next week; my brother has a stall there.
She. Oh, what fun, don't tell anyone, but I am going with Charlie, he has got a couple of stalls for to-morrow night.



Farmer. We are suffering terribly from the drought, Jenkins.
Jenkins. You're right, sir, things is serious—I hain't had a drink to-day.



"Yes, I'm going to marry Jack Temple. He's stupid and plain, I know, but he swears so beautifully."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—THE MAHARAJA OF BHAUNAGAR.

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 288.—MISS CERDDORRE WIN.
"Fair bardess, sweet, indeed, the songs you pen."
—The Dook Snook.
"Her beauty thrills me, hopeless though my love."
—Lord Bob.
"Madly have I sworn my passion; yea, and been repulsed with scorn!"
—The Hon. Billy.



It was A. SLOPER'S intention not only to interview the Maharaja of Bhaunagar but also the Rajah of Kapurthala, the Thakore of Gondal, and other illustrious Indian guests present at the opening of the Imperial Institute, but— There is much virtue in an "If" so says the Immortal Bard; he might have added that there is a good deal in a "But." However, to proceed. A. SLOPER is nothing without he is thorough, and in interviewing the Maharaja of Bhaunagar, who he had first on the list, he was determined not to leave anything to chance, and intended it should be as imposing as possible, and, in compliment to the Maharaja, in strictly modern style. The Eminent, therefore, intended to be accompanied by a retinue consisting of the Family, bar Mrs. S., who, poor woman, in her ignorance classed all Eastern princes with the Shah, and feared that the Maharaja might tear her from her lord, bear her off to Bhaunagar, and make her the flower of the harem. A. SLOPER did not think it worth while to enlighten the poor lady. For days Tootsie had been under the hands of A. SLOPER'S friend Willie Warle,—(1) for it was arranged she should perform before his Highness a native dance. The proud parent proposed to introduce

his boy as (2) the Boolangar of Brahma Pootah, a prince unknown in his native land, but of rare accomplishments—(3) and the original Jubilee Juggalar, or Hindoo Knife Swallower. The poor child began practising with his papa's umbrella, but it only acted as an emetic.—(4) The Twins were trained by A. SLOPER himself as an Imperial Tom-tom Player, and a Snake Charmer, respectively; the snake on this occasion impersonated by a remarkably fine eel, caught off the Battersea coast. Bill Higgins pleaded hard to be allowed to go as a wild Hungerley Muggar of the Hills, but A. SLOPER drew the line there. The day for the interview arrived. Leaving the Family in charge of the hall-porter at the hotel where the Maharaja of Bhaunagar was staying, A. SLOPER with a pair of cymbals—for he had composed and intended to chant a psalm for the occasion—bounded into his presence.—(5) "Well," cried his Highness, "for impudence I think you, what you call, take the bus." "Aunt long with you!" replied A. SLOPER, wishing to be playful. The Maharaja is a strong man, and—well, the journey home in the cab was not as joyous as was anticipated, and A. SLOPER wondered why it was that some people's feet were made so heavy.

McNAB OF THAT ILK.



(1) As the Elder was taking the short cut the other day,



(2) He was lassoed by the Meenister and the Laird



(3) Who said, "Ye heathin' l'ammie' yerse' in that shameless fashion on the Sawbath day!"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Well, here I am again you see, boys and girls, fresh and smart after the holidays. Spent mine romping around trying to pick up all the choice tit-bits and novelties I could lay my hands on, and here's the result. Let us investigate it:—A fitting emblem for the grave *Of those it should have helped to save*:—You recognise this pair, of course, As parties to a big divorce:—Prince George, you know, the other day, *Perfumed this duty Earl's Court way*:—The tournament you should not

miss, *The Wreck*, you know, 's got up like this:—*Whet Week*—well, that's, of course, my fun; You really must excuse the pun:—The language used in *Commons* seems *Mixed well with curses, oaths and screams*:—Our volunteers, of course, you know, *At Whitsun make a gallant show*. There you are, ladies and gentlemen, that's the extent of my researches; look out for a like treat next week, and believe me, yours very truly—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY



The Vicar. You will be pleased to hear we are to have the electric telegraph brought to the village, *Farmer George*.
Farmer George. No, reason, I don't think much o' yer telly-grams. I never 'ad but one, and that were to borrow ten pounds.



Mary. Please, Miss Screecher, the lodger upstairs says will you leave off singing, as she is subject to fits?



"She's a conceited thing. I asked her if she would like to share our bathing-machine of a morning, but she prefers to bathe alone. It doesn't look well!"



Jones. Now look here, McPhairson, I've just written a new play—you shall insure the success of that.
Insurance Agent. Nay, nay, I canna do that, but I can insure yer life against yer belu' lynched by the audience.



A COMPANY OF STICKS.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

IN spite of an official contradiction of the fact, A. SLOPER still persists in asserting that a Ministerial crisis is near at hand. Whilst Lord Rosebery maintains that Derby Day should be declared a general holiday, the G.O.M. is of a contrary opinion, and insists that race-course gee-gees should not be permitted to interfere with the routine of daily labour. Numerous Cabinet councils have been called to discuss the question, but at present nothing definite has been decided, although the Home Secretary and A. SLOPER have declared in favour of Lord Rosebery. Meanwhile, A. SLOPER's advice to Londoners generally is to make a general holiday of it on their own account. If employers object to it, theirs is the folly. No well-regulated master should interfere with his servants' pleasures.

UNCLE BOFFIN wants to contribute Chess Problems each week to *Larks*. He little knows what he'd suffer if he did. We have no hesitation in saying that if the Problems came about, Uncle would be cut up and boiled, with a sprig of parsley, by "The Ball's Pond Banditti."

ACCORDING to common report, a remorseless governor has refused the Duchess of Sutherland's application for a piano. A. SLOPER sympathises with the duchess, and at the same time condemns the conduct of her keepers. In case a suggestion should come in handy, A. SLOPER offers one. If music is necessary, why not utilise the comb of every-day use and an ordinary piece of tissue paper?

"GIRLS," remarked a lecturer, recently, "live nowadays solely for matrimony." This is too brutal. We know lots of dainty fair ones who exist to run up big dressmakers' and milliners' bills, set half a dozen fellows squabbling over them, and breaking themselves buying theatre tickets and things, driving their parents into the Bankruptcy Court, and repeating all the idle gossip and scandal about their friends they can pick up. Oh, dear! yes, that lecturer was too harsh—too down on the fair sex altogether.

THE Mildewed Fabric has this day conferred the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon CHARLES H. ROSHER, because he's a good old "Rainbow." "Feyther," gurgled the Blue-Eyed Alexandry, "I wonder you don't run down to 39 Victoria Street and instruct Charles to bring a little of his engineering skill to bear on Mildew Court. The bathroom might be a bit more palatial with advantage, and the wash-house wants lookin' to in parts. As to the kitchen boilers—well, some day I expect we shall all be blow—" But ere the word had escaped those cherry lips, an explosion really did take place, but it was not the kitchen boiler. It was the metallic sound of a father's hand coming in contact with a son's trousers.

ANOTHER record feat of strength. A well known journalist was seen the other day to actually blot out "The Chicago Exhibition" with one stroke of his pen. Wonders will never cease. This almost equals A. SLOPER's successful attempt to jump over St. Paul's Cathedral—in a picture book.

WE understand that much disappointment is expressed that a portrait of A. SLOPER has not found its way to the walls of the Royal Academy Show this year. It is the almost unanimous opinion that the Eminent ought to be hung.

WITH puffed sleeve, crinoline, chignon, high hat and plenty of cheek, lovely woman is going to be lovelier than ever this season, or burst a few staylances in the attempt. What a splendid creature to analyse would be the coming summer girl.

THE revival of *Forbidden Fruit* at the Vaudeville Theatre has set this lately rather unlucky house upon its legs again, and it is a question whether the nightly receipts were heavier even in its palmiest days. *Forbidden Fruit* is one of those light, fantastical comedies seemingly especially adapted for this summer weather. To analyse the play would be futile, as the plot hangs on a very weak thread, and if any exertion is necessary it is in the vain attempt to control one's hilarity. A very good company is engaged in the interpretation of the piece, including such well known artistes as Charles Groves, Julian Cross, Lionel Rignold, E. Norreys and Lottie Venne.

THE unhappily unfounded rumour that Billy's rich aunt had comfortably succumbed to an attack of cold feet or something, leaving the Honourable her sole heir, caused a lot of excitement at the "Friv." No less than twenty-nine delectable damsels suddenly remembered bygone but desperate flirtations with him, and set to work diligently to hunt up old love letters and other tokens of affection. There was a jolly row all round among Billy's many mashes, and any amount of hair-pins and ringlets flew around, until the arrival of the news that the whole affair was a mistake restored peace and quietness. Then Billy went back to a 100-1 chance.

THE offer made by Tottie Goodenough to write a series of articles for *Larks* on "Skirt Dancing," has given great offence to the Dook Snook. He says there is a limit to everything.

THE authorities in many of the rural districts are, we see, calling attention to the scarcity of water. This is nothing; it's the scarcity of whisky that is troubling us in Shoe Lane.

A PROVINCIAL paper publishes an article, entitled, "Mr. Gladstone as a Man." This is capital. We have so long been used to regarding our illustrious Premier merely as a woman, a small boy, a young lady, a Polar bear, a weighing-machine and a knife-board, that our contemporary's discovery should prove of world-wide interest.

A BET with John Burns of a new hat having resulted in A. SLOPER's favour, the latter has just received, by the medium of the *Parcels Post*, a common or garden "Bowler." Mr. G. Lewis has just issued a writ for slander against Mr. J. Burns. A man who would insult the Eminent by sending him anything but the now notorious "Sloper Hat" deserves the heaviest punishment which law can inflict.

THE Earl's Courtesies is undoubtedly a big thing. A. SLOPER, who assisted Prince George to open the Exhibition, says so, and A. S. is a man to be depended on in matters of this kind.

The gardening and forestry part of it are awfully pretty and interesting, and the grounds are as tasteful and attractive as of yore, only a bit more so. The great feature, of course, is the Water Show, and even the Eminent, averse to that element as he is in many respects, can find no words to express his admiration of Captain Boyton's gigantic exhibit. Go to the Wateries, boys and girls, there's lots to interest you—flowers, trees, waterfalls, illuminations, bands—oh, there! we can't enumerate the attractions, you must trot over and find 'em out for yourself.

THERE has been some talk at Court Mildew of uniting Evelina and the Blue Eyed one on the day the Duke of York leads Princess May to the altar, but A. SLOPER is distinctly opposed to it. Apart from the youth of the young couple, he considers that such an arrangement would detract from the interest of the royal nuptials. Two such events on one day would be too much for the public.

THE Sloper Arms, under its new management, seems to be doing excellent business. Besides retailing the choicest liquors, a capital concert is given once a week by members of the Royal Order of Buffaloes. With Brother Jenner in the chair, and Brother Sloper and "The Swinger" supporting him, things are made to hum.

FEELING in want of a livener the other evening, A. SLOPER naturally determined to visit Brighton, that is to say, C. R. Brighton, Manager of the New Oxford Music-Hall. He has not since repented it. The memory of that evening's entertainment haunts him still, and being altogether wound up again, he feels capable, like the great Alexander, of conquering continents, hemispheres, and even new worlds if necessary. The programme at the Oxford is both varied and good, and the names of Bessie Bellwood, Dan Leno, and Harry Pleon, shine brightly among its gems.

TOOTSIE SLOPER is begging the Editor of *Larks* to let her have half a column each week, so that she can write about "Girls and their Sweethearts." The Office Boy says that if anything of the kind finds its way into the *Ha'porth*, he shall at once tender his resignation and blow up Mildew Court with dynamite.

A GRAND concert in aid of the Morley House Caxton Wing will be given at the Birkbeck Institute on Saturday, May 27th, when the Guildhall School of Music will supply the artistes, together with a choir of eighty voices. Tickets can be obtained of the hon. concert seer, 59 Farringdon Road, and all members of the printing, binding, stationery, publishing and allied trades should write for one, if it's only for the good of that deserving institution.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 3RD JUNE, 1893.

28th May, 1612.—At what period the lovers of good living first went to eat Whitebait at the taverns contiguous to the place where the fish is taken, is not very clear, but we find "six dishes of whitebait" in the funeral feast of the munificent founder of the Charterhouse, given in the Hall of the Stationers' Company, on the above date—the year before the Globe Theatre was burnt down, and the New River completed. For aught we know these delicious fish may have been served up to Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth in their palace at Greenwich, off which place, and Blackwall opposite, Whitebait has been for ages taken in the Thames at flood-tide.

29th May, 1847.—"Yesterday," says Henry Crabb Robinson, "was a painfully interesting day. I attended the funeral of Mary Lamb. At nine a coach fetched me. We drove to her dwelling in St. John's Wood, from whence two coaches accompanied the body to Edmonton, a pretty country, but the heat of the day rendered the drive oppressive. We took refreshments at the house where dear Charles Lamb died, and were then driven towards our homes. There was no sadness assumed by the attendants, but we all talked together with warm affection of dear Mary Lamb, and that most delightful of creatures, her brother Charles; of all the men of genius I ever knew, the one the most intensely and universally to be loved."

30th May, 1672.—The czar Peter the Great had a strong antipathy to a black insect of the scarabeus or beetle kind, which is common in Russia. In his frequent journeys in his own dominions, he never went into a house without having his apartment thoroughly swept by one of his own servants, and being assured that there were no beetles to fear. One day he paid a visit to an officer at his country house, which was built of wood, at a little distance from Moscow. The czar expressed his satisfaction at what was offered him, and with the order he observed in the house. The company sat down to table, and dinner was already begun, when he asked his landlord if there were any beetles in the house? "Not many," replied the officer, without reflecting, "and the better to get rid of them, I have pinned a living one to the wall." At the same time he pointed to the place where the insect was pinned, and still continued to jaspilate. Unfortunately it was just beside the czar, in whom the unexpected sight produced so much emotion, that he rose instantly from the table, gave the officer a violent blow, and left the house with all his attendants.

31st May, 1839.—A newspaper of this date says:—"Miss Braham, the eldest daughter of the eminent vocalist, will be married on Saturday next to a brother of the Earl of Waldegrave. The young lady possesses a considerable fortune in her own right."

1st June, 1830.—This day a man committed suicide by leaping from Clifton Suspension Bridge.

2nd June, 1879.—A man named Kearney was this day charged, in Dublin, with causing the death of his mother by throwing her out of window.

3rd June, 1782.—A case of spontaneous combustion is reported on this date at Caen, in France. The victim's name was Mademoiselle Thuars, above sixty years old, and much addicted to spirituous liquors, having on the day of her death drunk three bottles of wine and a bottle of brandy. The consumption of the body had taken place in less than seven hours, and nothing around the body was burnt but the clothes. The right foot was found entire, the left was more burnt. The body was burnt to ashes with the exception of a few bones that crumbled to dust when pressed.

YEARNING FOR KITTY.

THE charming Kitty before me stands,
Very pleasant and fair to see,
But I scratch my head and I wring my hands,
For I fear she is not for me.
And a cumbrous weight on my heart there lies,
On my cheeks there's a drop of mine;
But 'twould lighten and brighten my heart and eyes
If Kitty were only mine!
Kitty possesses no snow-white hands,
No hair of an aureate sheen,
With no tongue she speaks, on no legs she stands,
And to smile she has ne'er been seen.
No forehead, no ears, no eyes has she,
And of life she displays no sign;
Yet 'twould thrill my soul with a perfect gleam
If Kitty were only mine!
Nay, friends, I am rent by no lover's pang.
We are playing at "Nap" with a pool;
And, since such pool is in modern slang
Described as a "Kitty," you'll
Understand (when the sorrowful fact you hear
That my losings are twelve pound nine)
How I anxiously hope, with a hope sincere,
That Kitty may soon be mine!

UGH!

"You call yourself a useful member of society?" said McGooseley, moved by wrath and usquebaugh. "Why, all that you're fit for is to stew you down to make whisky extract from, to export with the missionaries to flavour the forthcoming plum-puddings of the Okoboko cannibals." McGooseley goes too far sometimes, but never too far to go beyond a drink.

TOO MUCH!

Hardup. What, you want ten shillings for this room in Hampstead, when I could get it in Walworth for five?
Landlady. Ah, yes, sir! but look at the difference in the air.
Hardup. Eh? What? Oh! well, if you begin to charge for the air we breathe, the sooner I start for Australia the better.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

TEARS—tears that glistened like old rose diamonds, welled into her azure eyes and coursed down her cheeks like a shimmering brooklet meandering through a pink primrose-carpeted meadow. She wept, and the convulsive throbs floated quivering through the dim marble corridors of her preposterously-wealthy father's palatial residence. Before her, on his knees, with bowed head and clasped hands, was Algernon.

"You do not—you cannot mean it?" he moaned in a low, coarse-sepulchral tone. He raised his piteous face, wrenched with agony, to hers, but the exquisitely chiselled features, round which the golden curls played, like sunshine round a plated Lager beer engine, were cold and immobile.

"You never can be mine," she said, and a spasm of anguish shook her lissome form, "it can never—never be."

"Why, oh, tell me! tell me why?" "Can nothing be done?" pleaded the young man.

"Nothing! Arise from your knees and I will tell you why."

With every nerve strained to its utmost tension in anticipation of the cruel blow, the youth rose to his feet.

"Algernon, I cannot marry you; your dress tie is the wrong shape—learn to do that tight little knot in the middle with two huge bulging ends and I am yours—till then—"

A strange purplish hue came over the young fellow's countenance. A shiver passed over his entire frame. He clasped his hands to his head; he reeled, threw out his hands for support, clutched at the empty air and fell with a crash on the tiled pavement, by the side of an alcove tub.

Algernon McNonpareil de Guiche was dead.



SOCIETY PETS.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

CLARA'S HEROES.
(A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.)



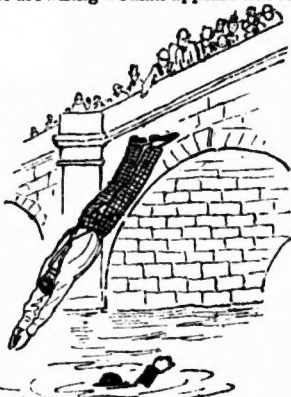
OF Bruce and the spider we've often been told, 'Tis a tale that is old and respected; How the spider the poor King of Scotland consoled And the rest of his fortunes directed. But how is it that in this world of to-day There can be such a fashion so horrid As petting of spiders, indeed, I may say The thought of it makes me feel torrid.

There's no harm in a lady who pets—say a cat, Or parrot, or pug-dog, or colley;

But a spider!—to pet such an insect as that I think is the height of all folly. But the worst of it yet has to come, I'm advised By a man who's a most knowing fellow, So whate'er's the next pet I shall not feel surprised If 'tis even a cobra capello!

A SPLENDID RESCUE.

WESTMINSTER Bridge at noon. A human tide flowing fast over the great structure; a dark, watery one beneath, lapping the hard, stern, grey, slime-covered columns, swirling, eddying between the huge wide-spanning arches. Ha! what is that? A shriek, a wild agonising, despairing shriek, and there, upon the parapet, stands a woman. For an instant only; ere the horrified onlookers can stay her, the life-weary creature hurls herself from the bridge—down, down, until the thick, muddy waters close over her head and bear her swiftly towards eternity. Can nothing be done?—can no boat—will no one save, or—stay! there is a stir among the huge crowd that lines the parapet, a ringing cheer, and it parts quickly as a brawny, coatless, artisan dashes to the side and dives, a grand, clean header, from the sickly height. See, he rises! another cheer—he is striking out, the swift current bearing him rapidly in the direction where a dark object is just visible above the water. It disappears, but the gallant rescuer swims on steadily, and again the head of the drowning woman appears above the surface. Again it is lost to view, and now the many thousands upon the bridge, the wharfs, the banks, the boats, barges and shipping are breathless. Ah! there she is again, hardly a dozen yards from him. Courage, brave rescuer. Now—now for one great final effort, and she is yours. Ah, she is gone! But stay, all is not over yet. He has dived, the swimmer, and now ensues a few moments—hours they seem to the anxious crowd—during which both are beneath the surface. The seconds pass; there is an uneasy whisper among the onlookers. Can she have clutched him—a drowning grip—and be dragging him to the doom he has so gallantly sought to avert?



No sign yet—yes, that must be it; alas! what a fate for so heroic—but stay, yes, there he is, he has found her, is supporting her inanimate body; and now the fastest of the boats which have pulled to his help is upon him, strong hands relieve him of his burden and haul him safely from the hungry stream. What thunderous cheers rend the air: the women weep for very joy, and the men, well, the men shout themselves hoarse. And then the white haired, cheery faced clergyman, who has been one of the most excited spectators, makes a suggestion; such noble conduct, he asserts, should not go unrewarded, and doffing his own soft head-gear, he himself leads off a subscription with a sovereign. The idea takes like mad; every body almost struggles to contribute something, and gold, silver, and copper is rained into the good man's hat.

Five times is that clerical *chapeau* filled and emptied, and it is the magnificent total of £128 15s. 8½d. which is finally handed to the heroic rescuer when the boat lands him at the wharf. * * *

"Yes, boss," remarked an individual bearing a wonderful likeness to the heroic rescuer that evening, to another wonderfully similar in personal appearance to the white haired old clergyman who initiated the subscription, as the two sipped brandy warm in a snug little parlour in Lambeth, "I think we worked that little job just proper, and if we can get the beak to-morrow to bind Sally over to come up for judgment when called upon, why everything will end 'appily. Lor! what a purse it was; blow me if this ain't the biggest thing the Duck-foot Swimm'n' Troupe has done yet. We must get into the provinces and cop some more mugs yet."

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."
No. 100.—CENTILINIA ST. STEVENS.



If a hundred tongues I possessed, dear girl,
They a hundred years might run
Ere half thy charms were expressed,
Dear girl;
But, alas! I have only one.
If a hundred Muses abode, dear girl,
In Apollo's celestial shrine,
I might sing thee a three-worthy ode,
Dear girl;
But, alas! there are only nine.
If a hundred ears I had got, dear girl,
Still I'd listen, each evening through,
For thy singing with all the lot, dear girl;
But, alas! I have only two.
If a hundred pounds I could earn, dear girl,
Each week, I would "pop" to thee;
But in vain for such bliss I may yearn,
Dear girl;
For, alas! I am paid but three.
If a hundred lines were my space, dear girl,
In this rag, they would not be plenty
To praise thy sweet figure and face, dear girl;
But, alas! I may scrawl but twenty.

THE PALACE THEATRE, LIMITED, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W., May 17th, 1893.

MY DEAR SLOPER.—It is nearly time that I should write and thank you for the kind conference of F.O.S., and to acknowledge the subsequent "Award of Merit." I am afraid that you name my abilities at too high a standard. There has been for many years a very popular impression that I was a clever composer, and my only fear was that I should ever write a ballet or a comic opera to prove that I was not. Other people seem to think differently, including yourself, and I hope that in my future work I will continue to justify this confidence. Ever yours,
JAMES M. GLOVER.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 167.—HE BIKES.

AT twenty-five to nine he rose,
Refreshed by balmy slumber;
He donned his cycling breeks and hose,
And forth he brought his "Humber."
Then, gifted with Herculean strength,
And brave as ancient Viking,
And fair as Phœbus was, at length
The Wreck went out a-biking.

The slops to several tradesmen ran:
"To use as ambulances,
We'll hire each idle trap and van,
For scores of sad mis-chances
Will in the streets occur to-day
Through SLOPER'S "safety" striking
Pedestrians in a furious way—
For SLOPER'S out a-biking."

In twenty hospitals or more,
In suburb and in city,
Ere noon that day appeared before
Each Hospital Committee
A band of nurses pale, who said:
"For extra aid we're striking;
If not vouchsafed, we'll soon be dead—
For SLOPER'S out a-biking."

With sticks and staves, in rage and wrath,
Went strong men out in numbers,
To check on its mercurial path
That lightest-winged of Humber.
But all in vain they strove to smash
The Wreck. With wild chi-yiking
He through them passed like lightning flash—
The Wreck was out a-biking.

The monumental masons now
Are countless orders getting;
Profusely both of brain and brow
Each undertaker's sweating.
In Som'set House they've written down
These words, 't' explain the striking
Increase of deaths in London Town—
"The Wreck's been out a-biking!"

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

Every Monday. One Halfpenny.

"LARKS!"

250 Insurance Coupon.

"LARKS!"

Crammed with Funny Pictures.

"LARKS!"

Full of Side-Splitting Reading.

"LARKS!"

Conducted by GILBERT DALZIEL.

"LARKS!"

The New Halfpenny Comic.

GILBERT DALZIEL,

"LARKS!" OFFICE, 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HORRIBLE ALTERNATIVES.

[Suggested by the case of the unfortunate wretch who, at Southampton, got six weeks' hard labour for sleeping out and being without visible means of support.]

By evil fate, and through no fault of mine,
I found myself, one summer evening, left
Forsaken—so it seemed—by both divine
And human justice. I was all bereft
Of home, and health, and strength, and friends, and food,
And that which ever buys the latter two;
And much I mused, in mournful, fearful mood,
What, to forget my suffering, I might do!

Should I, in my distress, resort to theft?
Nay, as an honest man I'd live and die!
To suicide? Nay, some slight hope was left
That Fate might smile upon me by-and-by!
The workhouse? No! I knew that, at the best,
Scant sympathy the pauper there could claim!
Beneath the sky I'd lay me down to rest,
And Night and Sleep would renovate my frame!

Unhappy choice! The minions of the law
Pounced heartless on me where I harmless lay?
And forty days, while labouring breaths I draw,
In labouring hard I'm doomed to pass away.
So theft or suicide—if e'er again
I find myself of home and food bereft—
Shall be my choice, since magisterial men
A premium place on suicide and theft!

A STAGE KISS.

THEY had been very friendly for some time, and had even gone to the length of allowing their lips to meet. At last he said he didn't care so much about these "society" kisses, that were carried on as if each was afraid of the other's *blanc de perle*, or vermilion—or whatever it is—coming off. He wanted a real comic-opera kiss, the same as she nightly implanted on the lips of Larry Bunkey-hutch, the principal comedian of the piece in which she was appearing. She gazed at him with a tender, melting look of pity in her eyes for a moment, and then—

Then we don't know. It must have been nearly five seconds afterwards when we saw him, and 'pon our word we hardly knew him. A huge red glowing spot covered his entire face. His right ear appeared to have taken its partial hook, and his left resembled nothing so much as a squashed tomato. His chin was torn and abraded, and his "May Duke" collar reduced to a crumpled mass, whilst the off-side lapel of his frock coat looked as if it had been through fire and water. He takes a back seat now if any mention is made of the lyric stage—from an osculatory point of view.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

DOESN'T the landlord make a foolish bargain when he gets a house-older for a new house?
WHY is a dagger like a stable with a pony in it?—Because it contains a "GG."

CLERGYMEN still read the *col-lect* for each Sunday in church; but it's the *col-lect* for each Sunday that's nearest their hearts. WHEN the Australian cricketers sit down to dinner together, can they be said to be having a tea(m)-meeting?

EXTRACT of Herbs: Pulling them out of the ground.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARLES MANFRED STEEDMAN was simply furious when the news reached him that his friend Mr. Harry Lawlor had cut him out with Miss Clara Mortimer. The information reached him very early, for no secret was made of it, and he determined to have it out with the lady.

Miss Mortimer would rather have avoided the interview, if possible, but she could not see how it could be done. To be "not at home," was too blunt. And after all, he was entitled to ask some explanation. So she resolved that if he called she would receive him and have done with it.

There was haughty reserve on both sides. He was very indignant, she was somewhat penitent and sorrowful. She desired to let him down softly and quietly, and would have done so, had he not said something disparaging Harry Lawlor. Then Clara Mortimer's manner changed. She became indignant, and she bluntly accused Steedman of being a daw decked out in heroic feathers which he had no right to wear.

"Ha!" said Steedman, "he has tricked me into keeping silence, and then has told you of his heroism in order to destroy my chance with you."

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Steedman," said Clara. "He would never have told me. I found the matter out for myself. Had you shown the slightest disposition to disclaim credit I would have respected you, but you did not. Only the other day in the park you made no attempt to explain that you were not the hero."

"And you knew even then?"

"Even then I knew," said Miss Mortimer, as she touched a tiny handbell. "And though you could not remember the name of the girl you rescued, I knew it well enough. It is Jeannie Harris—and she is now my maid," she continued, as Jeannie entered the room.

"This is the girl, Mr. Steedman, and I am very grateful to her rescuer, for I find her a very good maid."

A furious look flashed across his face, and it is to be feared some strong word was in his mind. He controlled himself, however. "I will bid you good-bye—farewell, I should rather say," said Steedman, as he bowed and left the room.

Twenty-four hours later, a section of Society was startled to learn that Mr. Charles Steedman had mysteriously disappeared. Ere the proverbial nine days had elapsed, Society had a new scandal to talk about, and Steedman was only remembered by his creditors.

He is now in Central America, where his style and appearance have suited the inhabitants of that country, and where his peculiar methods of finance are regarded as rather smart than otherwise.

There was a very quiet wedding, and Clara Mortimer and Harry Lawlor were made one. There were, of course, detractors—people who insinuated that Lawlor was only a fortune hunter, but a rich aunt having died and left Lawlor a lot of money, silenced these. It is not improbable that had Lawlor failed to marry great wealth, the aunt would have made no bother about him. Indeed, the old lady had made several wills, in which there was no mention of Harry Lawlor's name. One document left the money to provide pea-soup to the poor, and another and later devised a scheme whereby the untutored savage of Mashona-land should be supplied with flannel underclothing. The last of all, however, bestowed the money on Lawlor, and as its date was subsequent to the date of the wedding, it may be inferred that she had been greatly led to appreciate her nephew by the fact that he was already wealthy.

And time wagged merrily with the happy pair; and though Mrs. Lawlor is not nearly so romantic now, she declares she has never had cause to regret that she married a hero.

THE END.



Simply furious.



A rich aunt.



A quiet wedding.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 399.—IVAN CARYLL F.O.S.
"Although never having practised on the common or garden bedroom comb and curlpaper of every-day commerce, and in spite of the fact that he is a married man, it is nevertheless a fact that Ivan Caryll is a musician of more than average merit, and it is more than probable that he has a great future before him. We cannot speak of his past, for we know little of it; so let the past bury itself. But of the present we can safely say that Ivan can give points and a lick to any organ-grinder, hurdy-gurdy man or tin-whistler in or around London. This in itself is sufficient to show what the man is. Ivan Caryll is the possessor of a professional and a private name, and of both is he exceedingly proud, especially the latter. Ivan possesses a charming wife, a decent-sized head, a beard and a well-groomed head of hair, is on the right side of forty, and in fighting prefers the raw 'uns to the mittens. He has never been a parson nor a chimney-sweep, and swears solemnly but not frequently. Chiefly because he is a first-class musician, Ivan was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him November 5th, 1892."—Debrett Improved.



Buggles, who has opened a shop with a box of cigars in one window and a sheet of notepaper in the other, is here represented waiting for the rush of customers.



"FAIR, QUIET AND SWEET REST."
Poor Smiffkins has been overworked, can't sleep. Ordered quiet. Goes to farm-house fifteen miles from station, no child ren. Takes rooms for a month, and leaves next morning for the good old City Road.



GREAT FINANCIAL CRISIS.
Another bank bust.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

WOMEN'S WAYS.



Ruth. Did you get my letter, Edith.
Edith. Yes; but I didn't read it.
Ruth. Why?
Edith. Because the postscript said "burn it," and I did so, forgetting I had not read the letter.

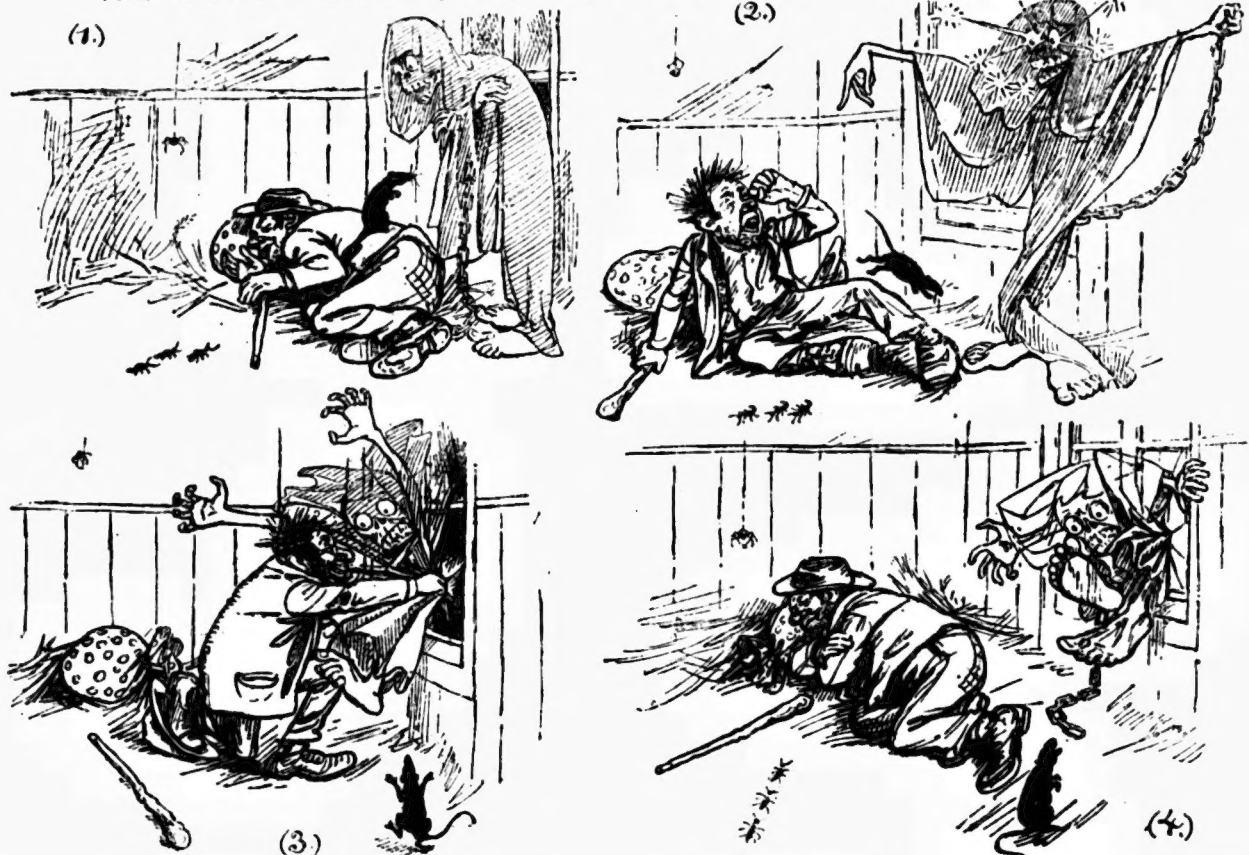


MATINEE OF THE "BLACK DOMINO."



Tramp. Want anybody ter mind yer mersheen?
Cyndel. Er—no, thanks. It's insured for twice its value; so if—
Tramp. Richer, giv nor—I tumbles to the game!

THE BAFFLED BOGUEY; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MOULDWARP MANOR



(1) "Ha!" muttered the family ghost of the Mandrakes of Mouldwarp Manor. "A base-born intruder in the halls of my now extinct race! He dies!"—(2) "Slave!" he hissed, whilst his eyes scintillated with unearthly lustre. "Darest thou profane this mansion with thy ruffian slumbers? What doest thou here?" "Well, if yer must know, Ugly," groaned Bill Sloucher, "I'm 'avin' a quiet doss in this 'ere draughty old crib, an' I don't want no turnip-lantern scarecrows messin' me abaart! Djeer?" "Churl!" replied the spectre, "you behold in me the erstwhile lord of this castle!"—(3) Ho! indeed!" chuckled Bill, "then yer oughter got the winders mended afore yer left. But as yer will come a-pokin' abaart molestin' of the present ockipier yer may's well make yerself useful, see? You'll do proper to plug up this 'ole in the glorse with. The bloomin' wind blows down my spine fit to give yer the induhenny!"—(4) "Har! That's better, old pal! Good night!" and William slumbered like a flower, whilst the family ghost looked on in unspeakable dismay. What else was a decent ghost to do?

DRY WEATHER—OR NO.



"Fact ish, this dry weather has parched up all nature, and no marsh can shtep out of nature and thath all about it, and so there you are."

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 63.—Alberta.

A HEALTH RESORT.



"I suppose you don't get many wrecks here at this time of year?"
"No, sir, you're about the first as I've seed. Most of 'em comes down later."